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1918

SONGS OF A SAMMY

POEMS

WARREN C. VINING



Class F

Book

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SONGS OF A SAMMY

Songs of a Sammy

Poems

Warren C. Vining



BOSTON

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Dedicated to Mother

TO her,
Who my infant steps did guide,
Who watched my body grow
And soothed with accents low
A bed of pain :
May sorrow never come
Thru him who owes so much
That he can ne'er repay ;
And may that brow
Foretaste the peace
To come on the Judgment Day.

“This manuscript has been approved and Corporal Warren C. Vining is permitted to have it published.”

(Signed) C. LARKIN FLANAGAN,
2d Lieut., Inf. R. C.
Camp Censor,
Camp Grant, Ill.

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SONGS OF A SAMMY

Why I Write Poetry

I DON'T know why I do it,
But I do it just the same;
Perhaps in years succeeding
'Twill make me known to fame.

But whether it does or doesn't
'Tis all the same to me;
I write because I wish to
And not for any fee.

Thus thot about the public
And what I think they'd like,
Doesn't worry me a single bit,
A one horse poet on the pike.

And so you see, serenely
I go plodding on my way;
Nor thot of filthy lucre
Comes to haunt me night or day.

SONGS OF A SAMMY

The Summons

MOTHER dear, the bugle's calling,
Calling me to come and fight,
Calling me to strive and struggle,
Calling to defend the right.

Mother dear, the Old Flag beckons,
Beckons me to come away,
Beckons me into the army,
Beckons with a flaming ray.

Mother dear, the soldiers' tramping
Asks my heart to come along,
Asks me to forsake my pleasures,
Asks for aid to vanquish wrong.

Mother dear, I must be going;
There is need of us today;
We must hasten to the colors
Where the bugle points the way.

SONGS OF A SAMMY

Mother dear, if I should slumber
Far away beneath the sod
Do not weep, my darling mother;
We shall meet again with God.

Mother dear, the bugle's calling,
Mother dear, the colors wave,
Bidding me to do my duty
Tho I fill a soldier's grave.

SONGS OF A SAMMY

Reveille

(“I CAN’T GET ’EM UP”)

OH! The bugler’s a buglin’,
An’ he’s buglin’ fer me.
Tho night is o’er
My bones are sore,
I’m sleepy as can be.

But the bugler’s a buglin’;
A good bugler is he.
The sun’s asleep
In silence deep
As the bugler calls ter me.

Since the bugler’s a buglin’;
An’ a buglin’ fer me:
I mustn’t wait,
Or else in state
A guard house bunk fer me.

SONGS OF A SAMMY

Follow the Flag, Boys!

THE Flag is sailing for France, boys!
Follow the flag!
They have need of us in France, boys!
Follow the flag!
Men have bled and men have died;
Women have wept and women have sighed;
They are fighting today in France, boys!
Follow the flag!

The Star-Spangled Banner to France, boys!
Long may it wave!
Our brothers are leaving for France, boys!
Honor the brave!
Men are sturdy and men are strong;
Women will sorrow while singing the song;
Follow the Stars and Stripes, boys!
Freedom to save!

Old Glory is flying in France, boys!
By war winds blown.
The stainless flag is in France, boys!
Will it stand alone?

SONGS OF A SAMMY

Men of power, and men of pride,
Women of beauty, stand side by side;
Old Glory's unfurled in France, boys!
Let none bemoan.

The flag has sailed for France, boys!
Follow the flag!
Die for the flag in France, boys,
Honor the flag!
Men have cheered, men have sighed;
Women have trembled, women have cried;
They need us today in France, boys,
On—to the flag!

SONGS OF A SAMMY

War

THE heart is still as dusk of eventide
Approaches from the eastern pine clad
hills;

The drowsy earth, when falls refreshing dew,
Is lulled to sleep by murmurs soft and low.
The sky close studded with the golden stars
Alone keeps vigil o'er the silent earth.

A heart is wrung and bleeding, filled with pain,
Nor calm nor silence bids the earth to sleep;
The slumber song the winds sing to the trees
Is wasted, lost amid the angry snarl,
And growl, and spiteful howling of the guns.
A million men, equipped, accoutred all,
Are other millions seeking to the death.
The death drum rolls; a mother's heart is dumb,
A tiny babe with cooing, trusting smile
Recks not his father's lifeless, painless form.
Some sweetheart in a far off peasant home
Has said good-bye to lover tall and strong:
The rifle speaks, the bullet speeds away

SONGS OF A SAMMY

And finds its lodge in stalwart human breast ;
Another victim pays the awful price
Of greed and power that has driven kings
To war, and set man's passions all afire.

The war has ceased ; the guns are now asleep ;
But desolation reigns with full control ;
And centuries must come and go e'er man
Can once again find joy and happy peace.

SONGS OF A SAMMY

For You and Me

MEN died in the year of Seventy-six,
Men died in the Sixties, too;
They bled for the Cubans, crushed and torn,
They died for me,—for you.

Men died that this country might be born,
They fought that it might be free;
Men gave their lives that a glorious name
Might come to you,—to me.

Today, the bugle-call rings out
With a message clear and true;
Today our Flag, defending right,
Is calling me,—and you.

Today, from bloody field of strife,
The old red, white, and blue
Is asking for a million lives,
For the lives of me,—and you.

SONGS OF A SAMMY

As our grandsires fought the Redcoats,
As the Gray fought with the Blue,
Let us hasten to the battle,
For they need both me,—and you.

With the men who made the nation,
With the ones who kept it free,
Will, in glory, thru the ages,
Stand the names of you,—and me?

SONGS OF A SAMMY

The Journey's End

WE are far away from the battlefields
And the bullet's droning whine;
There is many a mile
We must tramp the while
Ere we come to our journey's end.

We must tread in mud that is slimy, thick;
And wallow like weary swine
Where never a smile
Comes to beguile
The march to our journey's end.

We are grim and silent, a drab-clad host,
That comes from the land of the pine,
From the Southland's smile,
From mountain aisle,
To march to the journey's end.

Our guns are loaded, the hammers cocked,
And steadily, line by line,
With a dogged style
Each dusty file
Is nearing its journey's end.

SONGS OF A SAMMY

We reach the field of life and death,
Where the bullets snarl and whine.

Full many a mile

We have trod the while:

We are near the journey's end.

The guns will bark, and the bullet's zip
Around the foes' ensign

Will tell the while,

As the dead men smile,

We have reached our journey's end.

SONGS OF A SAMMY

Mud

A W! The trenches out in Flanders may be
full uv sticky mud,
But I'm bettin' that they ain't no worse than
here;
Fer the spring is jest er drivin' uv the frost
from out the ground,
And we've slimy clay er plastered 'hind each
ear.

We march erlong at "Route Step" almost every
where we go,
As we couldn't march at "Tenshun" if we
would:
Fer yer left foot may be dry shod, while yer
right is sloppin' wet,
There's er little pool uv water where yer stood.

And er few uv us is lucky fer we has our rubber
boots,
But the most uv us ain't got 'em, so yer see,

SONGS OF A SAMMY

We jest single out the dry spots, and we hit 'em
ef we kin—

But we're mostly dirty mud up to the knee.

So we grumble at the weather and we grumble
at the mud,

And we knock and kick and holler all the day:
But when we get in action and we face the
bloody "Hun"

For the mud—Ugh!—mud—he'll have ter pay.

SONGS OF A SAMMY

The Sentry

MY limbs are worn and weary
From the marching of the day;
My eyes are slumber-laden,
For the night is holding sway.

But the regiment rests in bivouac
Near the forces of the foe;
From my watch-post on the hillside
I can see their camp-fires glow.

If I should fail in my duty
My comrades would die in the night
Without a chance for resistance,
With never a ghost of a fight.

I think of the home-fires burning,
Of the ships that sank in the sea;
I hear the songs of the children—
And their happiness rests with me.

SONGS OF A SAMMY

So I walk my post in the darkness,
And the regiment rests in sleep;
Round the hearth-fire's gleam is safety
While lonely my vigil I keep.

SONGS OF A SAMMY

Fratres

TWO little lads with a wagon
Were busily at their play;
One was the "horse," the other drove,
On a far off summer's day.

(When one is reminiscent
How strong is memory:
Bright and clear the pictures pass
Tho seen in reverie.)

My brother was the prancing steed;
I was the driver bold;
We mimicked grown up people
Searching the mart for gold.

Time has been swift in the passing;
The days do not find us at play:
We are two of a host that is marching
To crush Autocracy's sway.

SONGS OF A SAMMY

Now we are khaki-clad soldiers;
Our wagon,—a tank, bristling fire.
Instead of cold currency's glamor,
Justice has called our desire.

Now, as we go to the trenches,
Oh Soldier Brother O' Mine,
We are fighting for playtimes and pleasures
For my future sons—and thine.

SONGS OF A SAMMY

Aurora Borealis

THE world asleep; the passions of the day
Are stilled; and reigneth over all the
night

In silence, for the light has faded out
And in the dark is rest and quietness.
Lo! As the night assumeth sway o'er all,
And sets its starry sentinels to watch,
There cometh from the crystal realms of ice
The messengers of sparkling flame, aglow,
Now crimson, scarlet, rose, then changing white,
And even flashing far into the dome
Of skies that overhangs the earth.

The Queen of Night has welcomed from her
throne
The Tidings Bearers from the northern sky
With majesty supreme.

The Earth-folk gaze
In awe, and breathe not lest the very air
Were sacred to the night.

SONGS OF A SAMMY

Dust unto dust

Returneth yet again, and soon the sky is still;
The flaming rays of light have sought once more
The hand of Him who flung them down the
wind.

The night is calm, Aurora's rays have fled;
The sky is jet save here and there a gem
Of liquid light that ever twinkles on.

Before the world was, darkness reigned in
peace;
And played the polar lights alone, unseen
By any eye save His whose work they were.
E'en when the last day ushers out this life
Methinks the angels' wings that welcome us
Will glisten in the dusk with lustre bright
As glow the lanterns of the northern night.

SONGS OF A SAMMY

The Winds

HOWLING and growling from out of the
west,
Snarling and twisting as if on the quest
Of a stolen toy,
Or a pilfered joy,
The storm wind rushes and tears along
Raising a very terrible song
Of ruined nest,
And sleepless rest
For the earth folk, you and me.

Roaring so frigidly out of the north,
From ice-bound caverns rushing forth
With fiendish glee
O'er the frozen sea
The north wind whistles and sweeps along
Singing an icicled kind of song,
In metre cold
And ages old
For the earth folk, you and me.

SONGS OF A SAMMY

Steadily ploughing from out of the east,
Bringing the rain to flower and beast,
 With persistent thrum
 Like fife and drum
The rain wind rapidly swings along
With a drizzling, spattering sort of song
 Of mist and wind
 And how the're kind
To the earth folk, you and me.

Breathing so tenderly out of the south,
Whispering softly with wee little mouth,
 From a care free land
 By the golden strand
There comes a melodious zephyr along
With a soft, sweet, lovesick, happy song
 Of amorous night
 In soft moonlight
For the earth folk, you and me.

Blowing from north, from the east, or the west;
Blowing from southland, that wind is best
 Which comes to show
 Us here below
That whatever comes or is sent along,

SONGS OF A SAMMY

Whether light, or cheery, or terrible song,
Is sent from above
With the Father's love
For His earth folk, you and me.

SONGS OF A SAMMY

West Wind Blow

BLOW! West Wind! Blow!
With piercing crispness blow!
From craggy heights
And wintry nights
Thou comest to bring the snow.

Drive on the swirling snow!
O'er country, town,
And city frown
And shout thy "Eastward Ho!"

With lessening fierceness flow.
Till springing flowers
In nature's bowers
Vanquish the ice and snow.

Thy cooling freshness show.
In summer's heat
From cold retreat
Glide out and murmur low.

SONGS OF A SAMMY

With strengthening vigor blow!
Till once again
O'er field and fen
Has spread the winter's snow.

Blow! West Wind! Blow!

SONGS OF A SAMMY

Farewell the Woods

FAREWELL the woods! We leave thy
cooling shades
With heavy hearts; desiring but to dwell
In peace, lost in thy fragrant bosom wide.
But calls the mart and straightway we must go.
Nor shall thy memory fade, e'en magnet-like
It pulls us back to thee; by fireside bright,
While shrilly whirls along the wintery gale,
Our thots will oft return and bid thee "Peace."

The happy days, passed all too soon in joy,
Will come again and life will be more sweet,
The journey seem less hard because of them.
Again we'll lie upon a sunny bank;
Again we'll hear the drowsy, droning bees;
Once more shall see the wild duck take his flight.
The memory of a brightly shining moon,
Remembrance of a river broad and dark,
The thot of cooling plunge into the lake,
All these shall come and breathe a happy joy
Into the lifeless forms convention owns.

SONGS OF A SAMMY

Farewell the woods! We leave thee for a space,
But we'll return to thee when summer's green
Shall once again bedeck thy stalwart limbs.

SONGS OF A SAMMY

The Flowers

IN the beginning the springtime
Was lonely and dreary and sad,
With never a single blossom,
To make the old world glad.

A time of sighing and drooping
Was not within the plan
Of the wise, omnipotent Father,
So he sent a messenger clan.

This clan was the flower kingdom,
Vari-hued, brilliant and gay;
They brot straight down from Heaven,
Hope, to lighten the way.

Close hidden in each lovely chalice,
Covered with honey and dew,
Scented with sweetest odors,
Is a message from God to you.

SONGS OF A SAMMY

When It's Spring

WHEN the buds begin to swell on the trees,
When a balmy note of gladness rides the
breeze,
Then the sunshine clear and bright
Drives away the winter's night,
And the waters in the rills forget to freeze.

When our feathered friends return from south-
ern home,
When the beaver once again begins to roam,
Then the violet so blue
Blooms to welcome us anew
And all is joy beneath blue Heaven's dome.

When the bees begin to hum within the hive,
When all living things begin to grow and thrive,
Then the sun, and rain, and wind
Bring invitation kind
For man to leave his sloth and be alive.

SONGS OF A SAMMY

When It's Autumn

THEN the air is growing cooler,
And the breezes have a sting;
Then the days are growing shorter,
And the birds forget to sing;

Then the harvest fields are yellow,
And the leaves begin to fall;
Then the fruit is ripe and mellow,
And the crows begin to call.

Then come frosts with fatal crispness,
And appears the gentian's blue;
Then the insects all grow listless,
And no longer falls the dew;

Then the lowing kine are stabled,
Sun-set colored grow the fields;
Then the farm-house, many gabled,
Cosy shelter yields;

SONGS OF A SAMMY

Then Thanksgiving comes in glory,
And the bounteous year is crowned;
Then the old, old Pilgrim story
Once again is told around;

Then, again, to God, our Father,
Rise our songs of joy and peace;
And we all retain forever
Gratitude that shall not cease.

SONGS OF A SAMMY

Autumn Greeting

THE full moon shines from a cloudless sky
In a million of twinkling stars
As my soul leaps free with a buoyant tread
Like a prisoner freed from his bars.

There's a mild spicy tang in the zephyr that
blows
To herald the coming of fall,
There's a freedom and joy in my heart as I sing
And shout to the wind a glad call.

While Autumn puts on her gay multi-hued coat
And the nights grow frosty and chill
There's a message that comes from the Lord of
my heart
And bids my soul "Peace, be thou still."

The full moon shines midst a million stars
And my heart is set free from its pain;
I fling my paeon of joy to the sky:
"Thrice welcome to Autumn and harvest
again."

SONGS OF A SAMMY

November

YOU may sing of your beautiful days in
June,

You may sing of your brilliant September;
But give me the day, the most perfect of days,
That comes with dun-colored November.

The hills nestle down in a thick blue-gray haze,
The valleys are sere-brown in slumber;
The skyline dissolves in a soft mirage,
The grasses have dressed in burnt umber.

As the sun settles down in the dim, mystic west,
A fog that with mist is atremble
Slowly clasps all the world in its cooling embrace;
And the stars are forbid to assemble.

But, anon, from the hills comes a whispering
breeze
That slowly grows stronger and stronger,

SONGS OF A SAMMY

Until, all the draperies of fog pushed aside,
The full moon is hidden no longer.

Ah! Then it is good to be out and alive,
To drink in the health and the splendor!
Oh! Give me to taste of the fulness of life
In the sad-happy days of November.

SONGS OF A SAMMY

A Winter's Day

THE day has dawned, calm, serene, in peace;
No breath of wind disturbs the morning
air;

While all around a mantle fleecy white
Is gently laid o'er all the resting world,
And trees, and sticks, and stones all gently sleep
Beneath the soft caress of downy flakes.

On days like this a yearning fills my heart
That I must needs fulfill ere night has come.
I buckle on my good old trusty skis
And over hill and dale I travel far
Until I reach a little woodland dale
Which seems to me a shrine to Nature's God.
The peace which overcometh earthly pain
Here comes and fills my weary, lonely soul;
The quiet scene, the falling snow, the freshness
Lighten all the sorrow in my heart.

Thou God of tempest, storm, and wintery blast
Art also Lord of love, of tender grace,

SONGS OF A SAMMY

Art Prince of Peace, of quiet, and of rest.
To Thee I bring my thanks for raging storm;
I thank Thee for the cup of bitter pain;
But more than these, I sing my loudest praise
For Winter's snow, for life and health, and
Thee.

SONGS OF A SAMMY

New Year's — A Sonnet

L OUD the rampant bells are ringing
With a rhythm wild and swinging
To herald in the smiling, new-born year;
Paeans gay the world is singing
Fraught with gladness, joy up-flinging
To the stars; each heart is bringing
Anthems pregnant all with happiness and cheer.

The appointed hour is ringing,
O'er the top the troops are swinging,
With a bayonet they'll welcome the New Year;
Not a single heart is singing,
Every gun destruction flinging
At the foe,—the death-throes bringing
While the trench is won—the victors raise a
cheer.

SONGS OF A SAMMY

Asleep

(To Grandmother)

A SLEEP with Jesus; in His arms asleep!
The earthly pains and trials are forgot;
O'erwhelmed with mercy, love, and tender care.
Then, too, the mortal form has ceased its toil;
And entered blessed sleep with the redeemed.

We, who are left, should not bow down to weep
For her who now has crossed the River Death.
There is no sting; a transformation came
From struggles hard to endless, boundless peace.
She is at rest, well earned by patient years;
She did not fear the summons of her God.

To us remains the lesson she has taught;
Just bend each one, refreshed, to his own task,
And keep the name she left us free from stain.
Perchance we'll live a life of quietness
That always lights the darksome, weary road
For some poor soul that labors in the dusk.

SONGS OF A SAMMY

If this is so then we have followed close
The model that before us she has set;
When each shall hear the angels calling home
We shall be ready for the last repose;
Shall fall asleep within Jehovah's arms,
And be again with her whom we have lost.

SONGS OF A SAMMY

Death

(To Georgia Gray)

JEHOVAH reigns! And when a life is done
He takes that life unto Himself to rest.
When pain and toil no longer claimed the thot
Of her, our friend, she went away in peace
Unto the calm abode of lasting joy.
Weep not my brother for the lost ones smile,
Not lost but gone, in glory to return
And welcome us when we shall fall asleep.

Oh Patience! What a model of thee here!
And were I gifted with the artist's brush
A picture I would paint of wondrous grace,
And all who saw would go away refreshed.
Oh Hope! Oh Christ-like Resignation! Both
Embodied in this slight and slender frame.
Oh Muse! Inspire with noble thots my heart
That I may pay just tribute to the dead.

Jehovah reigns! And in the Realm of Joy
She lives! The one whom we have lost awhile.

SONGS OF A SAMMY

A Prayer

OUR Father now we thank Thee
For the things that Thou hast done;
For the care and kindly watching
From the morn till fades the sun.

Thou wast ever near in sorrow;
Dost hear us when we pray;
We thank Thee for the faith that brot
Us safely on our way.

Oh, may we not forget Thee
In our triumph and success,
May we ever call Thee Father
Tho the world we should possess.

As brightly dawns the morrow
May we seek the upward way,
May we strive to serve Thee better
Till we meet our judgment day.

SONGS OF A SAMMY

Devotions

NO time to talk with Jesus;
No time to give to him;
No time to spend in secret prayer
No time to sing a hymn.

No time to use in helping
Some sinner on his road;
No time to have a single thot,
On how to lift a load.

Our Gracious Lord, be with us,
We need thee all the way;
And if thou be not always near,
For wretched sin we'll pay.

Oh Father, Son, and Spirit,
Deliver us from sin;
With our own strength we cannot stand,
But in thy might we win.

SONGS OF A SAMMY

What Care I?

WHAT care I tho skies are dark
And clouds hang dense and low?
What care I for howling wind,
Or devastating snow?

Above the clouds the sun still shines
In glory undiminished;
He'll shed his bright light once again
When the storm cloud's task is finished.

What care I tho things go wrong
And failures choke the way?
What care I when friend and foe
Snarl and turn away?

If I live right and do my best
To serve the God above,
When danger's o'er and work is done,
My recompense is Love.

SONGS OF A SAMMY

Why?

WHY is it when we do things
That we always do them wrong?
Why is it that each line of verse
Is not one grand sweet song?

We think and strive our hardest
To make things go aright
Yet always dismal failure
Mocks our puny might.

But why ask foolish questions?
Why spend our time in vain?
Why not get out and hustle
And work with might and main?

Forget the whys and wherefores,
We raise them but for naught;
Just trust to God the reasons,
His is the mind that wrought.

SONGS OF A SAMMY

Your Song

WHAT kind of a song are you singing
Amidst all the pain of your life?
What sort of an anthem is ringing
Abroad as result of your strife?

What style of a tune are you adding
To those that already are sung?
What rhythm and meter are rising
From you when vespers are sung?

Are you one of God's precious fledgelings,
Are you turning bitter and cold?
Are you damming thots upward flinging
To Him when the prayer bell is tolled?

Oh heart, get the spirit of Jesus,
Sing the Song of all songs that He sung,
When the gates of all Hell seem to open
And the troubles of earth are outflung.

SONGS OF A SAMMY

Gossip

THE world is cold and bitter, too,
With ne'er a smile or thot for you.
The sneer, averted head, the smile
Of cynical sarcasm vile,
Greets you on every baffled side,
E'en tho your travels be world-wide.

Give not the world the whole of blame,
Not once blush deep as tho from shame,
Perhaps a reason good there is
That makes the shuttle hum and whiz
To weave the cloth for gossips old
That they may make the world turn cold.

Before you censure be quite sure
That everything you do is pure ;
Leave not a single open door,
For scandal's tongue will tell the score
And add vile falsehood to the tale
Until its message could not fail

SONGS OF A SAMMY

To cause the world to laugh and jeer
And you to squirm with needless fear.
If thus your life has been maligned
Don't have it said that you just pined;
Put on a smile that won't come off,
And let the old world laugh and scoff.

Go on your way as unconcerned
As tho you'd never once been spurned;
And soon the world, grown sick with shame
At having tainted your good name
Will suddenly have great desire
To snatch it from the mud and mire.

SONGS OF A SAMMY

Desolation

DESERTED! I am left alone;
My spirit torn
With anguish desolate.

The garden dark—the sunlight flown;
My rose transmuted to a thorn
And I am desolate.

Experience has richer grown
Tho mind and heart are left alone,
Despairing—desolate.

My thots by winds are blown
To the Eternal God of Morn:
Still I am desolate.

At last the seed is sown
And new deeds born—
I am not desolate.

SONGS OF A SAMMY

Life

MAN lives and works, man plays and dies
While ever higher doth he rise.

Each day the world is better off
Because some soul forgot to scoff.

Each day the earth much sweeter grows
Because a man gets out and hoes.

Man lives and dies, man plays and works;
His the reward who never shirks.

SONGS OF A SAMMY

Smile

SUN is shining brightly;
Singing fills the air,
Joyous life and freedom
Drive away all care.

Rain clouds hide the sunbeams;
Singing hath its knell;
Sullen gloom and worry
Happiness dispel.

Why this change of spirit?
Cannot you be glad
When the skies are weeping
And the world seems sad?

Tear drops from the cloud land
Needs must water earth,
Else of fruit and flowers
There would be a dearth.

SONGS OF A SAMMY

Then when skies are frowning
Tho you're sad the while,
Each your own wee corner
Brighten with a smile.

SONGS OF A SAMMY

Plug!

SUMTIMES it seems like nothin'
Would come out so's ter suit;
A failure here, a fizzle thar,
And then a couple more ter boot!

Sum days I starts out early
Ter do things up jest brown;
The first guy what I tries ter see
Is three miles outer town!

“Oh, well!” I say, and then light out
Another stunt ter try;
“No use, I'm busy; not ter day;”
The answer comes so quick an spry.

An so it goes the hull day threw,
Don't nothin' seem ter suit;
But I start agin termorrer
With a lot more pep ter boot!

SONGS OF A SAMMY

Slacker

WHY spend your time debating
With the neighbors cross the street?
For they who talk all summer
In winter do not eat.

Why cause so much confusion
Bout a thing that 'mounts to naught,
When every precious moment
With so much life is fraught.

Why not get out and hustle,
Change your hammer for a horn,
Never waste a single moment
Late at night or early morn.

Get the spirit of the booster,
Cease to grumble, go to work,
In the end build something lasting,
Never win the name of "Shirk."

SONGS OF A SAMMY

Dream Girl

S OFTLY the wind is sighing,
Quietly falls the rain;
Stilling the earth into silence,
Soothing it gently from pain.

Alone in my armchair so cosy,
Reading and dreaming by turn,
Happy and glad to be living,
I sit while the wood-fires burn.

Hither and yon flit the shadows,
Picturing fairies and elves,
Playfully dancing and chasing
Over my library shelves.

Sleepy, with half-closing eyelids,
I see by the light of the blaze
Your face, smiling sweetly and tender,
I see you approach thru the haze.

SONGS OF A SAMMY

Your arms entwine quickly around me,
My face is pressed close to your breast,
Your lips softly touch my worn eyelids,
They close,—my soul is at rest.

SONGS OF A SAMMY

To My Unknown Sweetheart

WHEN I am tired and lonely,
At a loss just what to do,
My thots will slowly wander
Till they settle right around you;

And when I think of you, dear,
My soul has quiet rest;
There is something comes to soothe the pain
So rampant in my breast.

To you, my unknown sweetheart,
To you, where'er you dwell,
I wish that I might find you,
My great love just to tell.

SONGS OF A SAMMY

To My Known Sweetheart

I SANG a song in gone days
To my sweetheart, then unknown;
But the dreaming was imperfect
That thru the mist had shown.

I could not see the beauty
That would shine within your eyes;
Nor did I ken the pleasure
You would add to summer skies.

How could I sense the heart-strength
You would bring me, day by day,
With the freshness of your presence,
Sweeter than the charms of May.

And the joys that you have given
Far excel the hopes of dreams:
A radiant home—contentment
With you, by the fireside gleams.

SONGS OF A SAMMY

To B—— On Her Birthday

THE days are long without the song
Your presence starts a swinging;
Your heart is true to good friends few
Who bring you birthday greeting.

May Heavens light, and strength to fight,
Be yours now and forever;
May naught of bad to make you sad
Occur, or friendships sever.

In future life of toil and strife
Be yours the noble station
To mould the mind of human kind
And make a better nation.

This day returned, so swiftly spurned,
From Time's fast flying cycle,
Another year bring ne'er a tear,
Or sad regret for trifle.

SONGS OF A SAMMY

A Rose

O H, Rose, sweet sentiments you recall
From the dim-lit depths of Memory's
Hall;
A maiden's smile, elusive, sweet,
Comes to me in my cool retreat.

The picture of her form so fair
Returns and haunts the midnight air.
I live again that happy hour,
Receive again this crimson flower.

A sumptuous feast that night was given,
In quest of pleasure we had striven;
And e'er we said a soft "Good-night"
We talked awhile with sweet delight.

As midnight chimes called us to part
She pulled this rose from o'er her heart;
Should she consent to be my wife,
The greatest joy would enter life.

SONGS OF A SAMMY

Oh, Rose, at this dark midnight hour,
Tho now you are a withered flower,
Thy lovely fragrance, for a while,
Brings back her sweet elusive smile.

SONGS OF A SAMMY

A Little Man

(To Carl Grange)

THERE'S a little man a sittin'
In the seat across the aisle
Who's a carin' for his Muzzer
In most gentlemanly style;

He paid her fare,
He took the change,
And kept the "con" from cheatin',
I'll bet if someone tried ter flirt
He'd get an awful beatin'.

I like ter see a kiddy
Who's a manly little chap;
He's one of next year's heroes,
He's the one who'll win the scrap.

SONGS OF A SAMMY

Sonny

FLAXEN curls and eyes of blue,
Eyes so big, so round, and true,
Your curls so light, just seem to bring
My mother's voice; I hear her sing.

Your little shoes are stubbed and worn;
Of pristine beauty have been shorn;
Your little suit of linen white
Recalls my own sweet childhood bright.

The little belt of brilliant hue
Makes me recall I had one too.
The little legs so short and round
Can chasing mischief e'er be found?

The cupid mouth, the chubby face,
Quite unadorned with useless lace,
Flood my eyes with welcome tears
That span again the bygone years.

SONGS OF A SAMMY

Deferiet

IN the days of misty shadow,
When there was no field or meadow,
Long before the desperado
Landed on our golden shore,
Lived an Indian, tall and mighty,
With his squaw so shy and sprightly,
Where the whip-poor-wills sang nightly
By the wigwam's open door.

On an island in a river,
Where in winter dead leaves shiver,
And in summer birds deliver
To the air a gladsome song,
Did this Indian, tall and mighty,
With his squaw so shy and sprightly,
And a young son smiling brightly,
Live a life both good and long.

But as each day joined the ages
That belong to long-dead sages,

SONGS OF A SAMMY

And was written on the pages
Of long since forgotten lore,
Came close one upon the other,
As a babe follows its mother,
And as deer fast race for cover—
Came the white man to our shore.

Fast and faster came the white man,
Sailing over Neptune's blue span
As if each with each a race ran
For a great and glorious prize;
Till Napoleon was banished
And from Europe's shores had vanished,
While his followers so clannish
To a new land raised their eyes.

To Ontario's rippling waters
Came these semi-royal squatters,
Driving out the minks and otters
From their runways by the shore;
Clearing farms and building houses,
Thinking not of old carouses
As a spirit bold arouses
Each from lethargy now o'er.

SONGS OF A SAMMY

Thus it was that in the dawning
Of our history's bright morning,
When the Indians we were wronging
Madame Du Fere came to stay
Where the dead leaves shake and quiver,
Where the birds their songs deliver
On the island in the river—
There Deferiet stands today.

SONGS OF A SAMMY

Memory's Ship

A WHITE ship sails thru an azure sea
Wafted on by a zephyr to port:
The ship is a cloud, the sea is the sky,
The harbor is Heaven's high court.

Like the ship that sails o'er the deep blue sky
White winged and gallant of trim,
My thots fly forth in a fairy train
Till they reach the horizon's rim.

In Memory's ship come friends from afar
To cheer me and strengthen my hand;
They give me joy, and courage renew,
As I press to Eternity's land.

SONGS OF A SAMMY

At Twilight

OF T in the purple twilight
As I sit in the gathering gloom,
There comes thru the deepening shadow
The fragrance from many a bloom.

I hear the brook's silver gurgle
As it trickles along on its way ;
It lulls me and gently returns me
To the time of my boyhood gay.

Over and over in memory
The days of the dear long ago
Come back from their dusty recesses
With the tiny brook's murmuring flow.

SONGS OF A SAMMY

Memories of the Man in Gray

HE stood with strong arms folded
And watched the flickering blaze
As if within its golden depths
Some picture met his gaze.

We wondered; no one cared to speak;
We let him have his way,
And presently low, musing words
Came from "The Man In Gray."

He thot aloud, we hardly breathed,
We would not miss a word,
In accents clear that summer night
This reverie we heard:

"That other scene was much like this,
Tho many moons have passed
I still retain those memories;
I hope thru life they'll last.

SONGS OF A SAMMY

“The trees stood round like sentinels
As if to guard the place,
The moon had not yet risen,
No star had shown its face.

“My pardner smoked his old cob pipe
While I communed with thot;
Then presently we stories told
About the fish we'd caught.

“When boastings were all over
Our hearts were turned toward home,
From which each one of us had left
The wide old world to roam.

“We saw the old folks sitting
Around the kitchen lamp;
Were they thinking of the wanderers
Away in their fire lit camp?

“I tell you, boys, there's nothing
Can compare with the folks at home;
And I shall never forget them,
No matter how far I roam.”

SONGS OF A SAMMY

Reverie At Even

IN my old armchair at even
When the lights are burning low
I sit and watch the firelight
Throw its shadows to and fro.

Tho all is rain and darkness
In the garden, down the street,
Still my heart is full of gladness
In my cosy, snug retreat.

Today a fellow mortal
Was stumbling on life's road;
I saw and played Samaritan,
He walks with lightened load.

So, tonight, I am contented;
My soul is filled with peace;
Dear Father, keep me humble,
My helpfulness increase.

SONGS OF A SAMMY

Even

WHEN the day's hard toil has ended
And the world has gone to rest;
While the dew is swiftly falling
And each songbird seeks its nest;

From my window, facing westward,
As the even comes apace,
I watch the gathering shadows
Gently cover earth's scarred face.

Every flower, every leaflet
Then has closed its weary eye,
And a gentle evening zephyr
Kisses each as it goes by.

Then a message sweet and simple
Breathes so softly from the night;
Bringing new faith for endeavor,
Bringing new hope for the fight.

SONGS OF A SAMMY

What Shall It Be?

(To Wheaton Academy Class of 1917)

WHEN future years have come and gone,
When many suns have set,
When all that is has passed away
Oh, then shall we forget
About the Class of Seventeen?

Will you prove weaklings in the fight?
Will you poor cowards be?
Will you disdain the narrow way?
Will you to heaven lose the key?
And you the Class of Seventeen?

Or, will you have the strength that wins?
Will you be pure and brave?
Will you decide that right is might,
And thus your path with blessings pave?
What will you, Class of Seventeen?

You have the power to make or break;
You have the power to build

SONGS OF A SAMMY

A structure founded on the rock
With choicest treasure filled.
How build you, Class of Seventeen?

We trust you, Class of Seventeen,
We must not see you lose;
Nor do we for one moment doubt
But that the best you'll choose.
Speed onward, Class of Seventeen.

And, when the future years have gone,
When many suns have set,
When all that is has passed away
There'll be no cause then to forget
The noble Class of Seventeen.

SONGS OF A SAMMY

Murder

I.

THE day was bright at morn when rose the
sun,
But now the sun in horror hides its face;
A darksome deed ere long was perpetrated
By giant of a strong and mighty race.
Fell was the deed, the victim innocent,—
Such always is the setting for a crime,—
The world was stunned and crippled, industry;
For revolution everything was prime.

II.

Oh sad that on a day so bright as this,
A one as harmless suddenly should die!
A moment pause and shed a pitying tear
For this desceased, foul murdered fly!

SONGS OF A SAMMY

For a Friend

I HAVE been asked to write a tale
For a friend of mine most dear;
I don't know what to write about
Whether sense or nonsense queer.

At first I thot I would give advice,
But then I changed my mind;
I might begin and point out faults,
But that would be unkind.

You see, it is a harder task
Than one would first suppose;
Methinks I'll have to forsake verse
And tell my tale in prose.

SONGS OF A SAMMY

Freshman Song

OUR college, now to thee,
We pledge our lives to be
Upright and true.
We will be pure and strong,
Thy honor to prolong,
Thru all the years to come,
Wheaton, for thee.

Evening

OFT as the twilight hour comes on apace,
The while the western sky is changing hue,
A cricket opens up his serenade
Beside the walk; a night bird cries above;
An insect hums; and slowly all the earth
Is saying vespers, closing eyes in rest.

SONGS OF A SAMMY

Song

A SONG there is unsung, a tale untold,
And I am powerless to tell or sing it.
Perhaps 'tis not for me to sing of glory,
Perchance I never see the face of fame;
Oh Lord, if I must write my tale in toil,
My song in labor, I ask for strength from Thee
And know that as thou wilt, that is good.

The Puzzle

O H Life! Thou comest from we know not
whence;
Departing, leavest for we know not where;
In mystery enshrouded all the days
We spend on earth; and when we take our leave
Thou art still within the knowledge we have
sought.

SONGS OF A SAMMY

“The College Press”

Printing presses ;
 Pretty dresses ;
 Pretty misses ;
 Printing kisses.

“Longing”

ALL I want is love ;
 All that I ask is a kiss ;
All that I want in this wide old world
 Is one little, sweet little miss.





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